

NEW CHIEF OF CREEKS

ECCENTRICITIES OF MOTY TIGER, PORTER'S SUCCESSOR.

Has Long Been a Leader in Affairs of His Tribesmen—Insists on Doing All Official Business in Native Tongue.

Okmulgee, I. T.—Full blood Indian, bank director, president of an oil company, Methodist minister, Moty Tiger, the new chief of the Creeks, presents an anomaly in the mixture of human races. Refusing to speak any but his native tongue, he assumes the role of a recluse, and by taking part in the active business enterprises of his nation and the development of its resources, he at once becomes a leader of the progressives and a man of moment.

Tiger is 65 years old. He has been prominent in Creek national affairs since 1883, when he was second in command under the Proctor forces in the Green Peach war against Isparhecher, which, in reality, was a war to determine whether the Creeks should establish a school system and become an educated race or should cling to the ancient tribal modes and customs. He became a member of the house of kings in the Creek legislature, and held that position for many years. He was elected second chief when General Porter was elected chief for his first term, and was re-elected when that term expired. Otherwise he has led an uneventful life.

He has lived for many years on a farm on Deep fork, five miles west of Okmulgee. He has been twice married, the first time to a full blood Indian woman, to whom three children were born, and the second time to a white woman, who is now his wife. He has been a liberal man in the education of his children, and they are accounted among the very brightest of the younger generation of Creeks. They have college educations and stand well in their community. There was considerable talk about the new chief's moving the executive offices to Okmulgee, which is the capital of the nation, but he has announced that he will continue the offices in Muskogee and move there.

Following the precedent set by Chief Checote many years ago, Chief Tiger insists that all official business be conducted in his native tongue. Chief Checote was a good English scholar, but when it came to official business he would not listen to a word of English, insisting that all business with his nation be conducted in his native tongue. So Chief Tiger will not talk in English, though he understands perfectly and can speak good English. Shortly after his appointment he was in the office of the commissioner to the Five tribes and that

official tried to transact some official business. The chief would not speak. After half an hour's work the commissioners gave it up as a bad job. In his own office the chief speaks Creek entirely. He answers the simplest questions through his interpreter, though it is plainly evident from his expression that he understands it in English.

Since his induction into office there has been a constant stream of Indians in to consult the chief. Any day one may find him in consultation with half a dozen Indians, all of them talking Creek, so that it is almost impossible to tell what is going on in the office. Even the stenographers and confidential secretary are unable to grasp the situation.

The duties of the chief are light. So is his salary. He receives \$2,000 a year, and he will spend more than



MOTY TIGER

that paying the railroad fare for Indians who come to town, get stranded and have to borrow money to pay their railroad fare home. The department of the interior has usurped practically all of the power that was formerly delegated to the Indian legislatures and their executives. All matters must now be passed upon by the government, and the existence of an Indian council and a chief, so far as the Five tribes are concerned, is merely a nominal national life.

The ascendancy of Tiger to the office of principal chief is purely accidental. Chief Porter's term of office would have expired this month. Under the law the president would then have appointed a chief. Porter would have been reappointed, but Tiger would not have been second chief, and had Porter lived a month longer, in all probability some one else would fill the place Moty Tiger now occupies.

OLD DICKENS FAKE TO GO.

Spurious "Old Curiosity Shop" in London Will Be Torn Down.

London.—Who knows how much money has been made out of that venerable London fake, "The Old Curiosity Shop," in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with the spurious legend, "Immortalized by Charles Dickens?" It has reaped a rich harvest out of its bogus reputation, but all speculations as to the exact amount would be mere guesswork. Despite the obvious fact that it is not what it pretends to be, and may in no way resemble the shop of "Little Nell's" grandfather, the old building can truthfully lay claim to upward of 300 years of life. And while the thousands of enthusiastic



The Fake "Old Curiosity Shop."

Americans who have been in the habit of visiting it every year may have been under a delusion in supposing it to be the identical building described by the great English novelist, nevertheless they had the satisfaction of seeing one of the oldest buildings in this very old city.

But a few weeks hence will see an end of it. Already bright red bills are plastered all over the little shop announcing the removal of the waste paper business, which at the present moment occupies the front room, and of the souvenir business which prospers so greatly in the stuffy low-ceilinged room in the rear. Irrespective of the question of its authenticity, one may sincerely mourn its approaching disappearance, for it is such old places that go far to make the Eng-

lish metropolis so interesting and popular with the American tourist.

"The Old Curiosity Shop" is one of a trio of fakes in London which have made a lot of money out of foreigners, Americans chiefly, through their claim to ancient lineage and historical associations. The "Cheshire Cheese," in Fleet street, where you can see Dr. Johnson's alleged favorite chair and the smudge on the wall, head high, supposed to have been left by his greasy wig, and the barber shop at No. 17 Fleet street said to have formerly been the palace of Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey, are the other two of this interesting trio.

Charles Dickens himself disposed of the real Old Curiosity Shop before he finished the book of that name. For does he not tell us that many years after the death of Little Nell Kit visited the site of the old shop, which had then given place to the march of improvements and was occupied by a broad thoroughfare?

NOTED SINGER SERIOUSLY ILL.

Christine Nilsson, Once Famous as Operatic Star.

New York.—Countess de Miranda, better known as Christine Nilsson, who is critically ill at her country home in Sweden was 29 years ago famous as an operatic singer. In the various capitals of Europe she won renown and was extremely popular with American audiences. Countess de Miranda was born in Sweden in 1843, and made her operatic debut at Stockholm in 1860. She first studied in the latter city under Berwald, and later in Paris was tutored by Victor J. Nasse and Warlet. When she first appeared in London, in 1867, she scored a great success, especially in "Faust," and her future was assured. Count de Miranda is the second husband of the famous singer, her first having been a Frenchman, Auguste Rouxaud, who died in 1882. On the date of her second marriage, 1887, she retired permanently from the operatic stage, but has been heard occasionally in concerts.

A REAL "HOSS" RACE.

Country Fair the Place to See it at its Best.

If you would see a horse strapped, booted, braced and geared to the limit, you must seek such a track as you see at the old-time country fair. Here comes an awkward sea-bitten gray which never went under 2:50 in his life. He is hobbled and checked and goggled, and hitched up sideways, lengthwise and crosswise until there is more harness than horse. You wonder how his driver ever got him into this rigging, and how he will get him out again without cutting him free with a jackknife. A farmer with a gray beard and twinkling eye observes to his neighbor:

"Last time John Martin had that plug out on the road I told him he had the old cripple overloaded with fast-aids-to-the-injured. Them straps that was caltied to hoist up his knees must ha' pulled too tight and the critter was yanked clean off the ground. What John was gettin' ready for was a race for flyin' machines, not a hoss trot."—From "The Country Fair," by David Lansing, in Outing.

A Young Composer.

Rachel, aged 12, wrote a composition on wild flowers in which she praised the arbutus, the liverwort, the spring beauty, the blood root, and all of the other blossoms of dell and dale. But she wrote on both sides of her sheet of paper, and when she asked her father, who was an editor, to publish her article, he called her attention to that fact.

"You've written on both sides of your paper," said he.

"Well," was the reply, "and don't you print on both sides of yours?"

To Stop Flow of Blood.

To stop the flow of blood bind the wound with cobwebs and brown sugar pressed on like lint or with fine dust of tea. When the blood ceases to flow apply laudanum.

The generous never enjoy their possessions so much as when others are made partakers of them.—Sir W. Jones.

QUALITIES OF WIT AND HUMOR.

Alike, Yet in Many Ways Fundamentally Different.

Wit and humor are such elemental fundamental things that it has always been found difficult to analyze them, says a writer in The Atlantic. Upon some points, however, those who have essayed this puzzling task agree, for they all hold that wit is an intellectual, humor an emotional, quality; that wit is a perception of resemblance, and humor a perception of contrast, of discrepancy, of incongruity. The incongruity is that which arises between the ideal and the fact, between theory and practice, between promise and performance; and perhaps it might be added that it is always or almost always a moral incongruity. In the case both of wit and humor there is also a pleasurable surprise, a gentle shock, which accompanies our perception of the hitherto unsuspected resemblance or incongruity. A New England farmer was once describing in the presence of a very humane person the great age and debility of a horse that he formerly owned and used. "You ought to have killed him," interrupted the humane person indignantly. "Well," drawled the farmer "we did—almost."

Willing Hands.

There is a good story going the rounds in Pittsburgh of a young man, formerly a stock-broker, who dropped many thousands in speculation during the early spring.

One night, shortly after going to bed, the Pittsburgher was awakened by strange signs. At his first motion to jump up he was greeted by a hoarse voice. "If you stir, you're a dead man!" it said. "I'm looking for money."

"In that case," pleasantly answered the erstwhile speculator, "kindly allow me to arise and strike a light. I shall deem it a favor to be permitted to assist in the search."—Harper's Weekly.

Italians Go to South America.

Italians to the number of 130,000 emigrated last year to South American ports, as against 287,000 who came to the United States.

GIVING HIM A CHANCE.

Surely Time for Hubby to Do a Lively Sidestep.

Mrs. Wilson's husband was often obliged to go to New York on business, and frequently did not reach his home until the arrival of the midnight train. Mrs. Wilson had been in the habit of sleeping peacefully at these times without fear, but a number of burglaries in the neighborhood during one of her husband's trips to New York had disturbed her calm.

On the night of his return Mr. Wilson was stealing carefully up the front stairs, as was his wont on such occasions, so that his wife would not be awakened, when he heard her voice, high and strained:

"I don't know whether you are my husband or a burglar," came the excited tones, "but I am going to be on the safe side and shoot, so if you are Henry you'd better get out of the way."—Youth's Companion.

Bible Names for Colts.

A hostler from the Blue Grass has just found employment in one of the stables of a New York man. His dinky dialect is so quaint and his stories of "Ole Kaintuck" so unique no member of the household misuses an opportunity to speak to him and have him say a word.

His employer said to him a few days ago: "I suppose your master down south had a good many horses?"

"Dat we did, sah, dat we did! And my ole master had 'em all name Bible names. Faith, Hope and Charity, Bustle, Stays and Crinoline, was all one Spring's colts!"

Wagner as a Curative Agent.

Vernon Lee has told somewhere the story of the marvelous effects of Wagner on a headache. One does, after a time, succumb to what is a kind of hypnotism; the sound seems almost to clear the air, or at least to lull one into a kind of dream in which only the sense of hearing exists.

He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—to receive favors and render none.—Emerson.

"BOO-HOO" Shouts a Spanked Baby.

A Doctor of Divinity, now Editor of a well-known Religious paper, has written regarding the controversy between Collier's Weekly and the Religious Press of the Country and others, including ourselves. Also regarding suits for libel brought by Collier's against us for commenting upon its methods.

These are his sentiments, with some very emphatic words left out.

"The religious Press owes you a debt of gratitude for your courage in showing up Collier's Weekly as the 'Yell-Oh Man.' Would you care to use the enclosed article on the 'Boo-Hoo Baby' as the 'Yell-Oh Man's' successor?"

"A contemporary remarks that Collier's has finally run against a solid hickory 'Post' and been damaged in its own estimation to the tune of \$750,000.00."

"Here is a publication which has, in utmost disregard of the facts, spread broadcast damaging statements about the Religious Press and others and has suffered those false statements to go uncontradicted until, not satisfied after finding the Religious Press too quiet, and peaceful, to resent the insults, it makes the mistake of wandering into fresh field and butts its rattled head against this Post and all the World laughs. Even Christians smile, as the Post suddenly turns and gives it back a dose of its own medicine."

"It is a mistake to say all the World laughs. No cheery laugh comes from Collier's, but it cries and boo-hoo like a spanked baby and wants \$750,000.00 to soothe its tender, lacerated feelings."

"Thank Heaven it has at last struck a man with 'back bone' enough to call a spade a 'spade' and who believes in telling the whole truth without fear or favor."

Perhaps Collier's with its "utmost disregard for the facts," may say no such letter exists. Nevertheless it is on file in our office and is only one of a mass of letters and other data, newspaper comments, etc., denouncing the "yellow" methods of Collier's. This volume is so large that a man could not well go thru it under half a day's steady work. The letters come from various parts of America.

Usually a private controversy is not interesting to the public, but this is a public controversy.

Collier's has been using the "yellow" methods to attract attention to itself, but, jumping in the air, cracking heels together and yelling "Look at me!" wouldn't suffice, so it started out on a "Holler Than Thou" attack on the Religious Press and on medicine.

We leave it to the public now, as we did when we first resented Collier's attacks, to say whether, in a craving for sensation and circulation, its attacks do not amount to a systematic mercenary hounding. We likewise leave it to the public to say whether Collier's, by its own policy and meth-

ods, has not made itself more ridiculous than any comment of ours could make it.

Does Collier's expect to regain any self-inflicted loss of prestige by demonstrating thru suits for damages, that it can be more artful in evading liability for libels than the humble but resentful victims of its defamation, or does it hope for starting a campaign of libel suits to silence the popular indignation, reproach and resentment which it has aroused.

Collier's can not dodge this public controversy by private law suits. It can not postpone the public judgment against it. That great jury, the Public, will hardly blame us for not waiting until we get a petit jury in a court room, before denouncing this prodigal detractor of institutions founded and fostered either by individuals or by the public, itself.

No announcements during our entire business career were ever made claiming "medicinal effects" for either Postum or Grape-Nuts. Medicinal effects are results obtained from the use of medicines.

Thousands of visitors go thru our entire works each month and see for themselves that Grape-Nuts contains absolutely nothing but wheat, barley and a little salt; Postum absolutely nothing but wheat and about ten percent of New Orleans Molasses. The art of preparing these simple elements in a scientific manner to obtain the best food value and flavor, required some work and experience to acquire.

Now, when any publication goes far enough out of its way to attack us because our advertising is "medicinal," it simply offers a remarkable exhibition of ignorance or worse.

We do claim physiological or bodily results of favorable character following the adoption of our suggestions regarding the discontinuance of coffee and foods which may not be keeping the individual in good health. We have no advice to offer the perfectly healthy person. His or her health is evidence in itself that the beverages and foods used exactly fit that person. Therefore, why change?

But to the man or woman who is ailing, we have something to say as a result of an unusually wide experience in food and the result of proper feeding.

In the palpably ignorant attack on us in Collier's, appeared this statement:—"One widely circulated paragraph labors to induce the impression that Grape-Nuts will obviate the necessity of an operation in appendicitis. This is lying and potentially deadly lying."

In reply to this exhibition of—well let the reader name it, the Postum Co., says:

Let it be understood that appendicitis results from long continued disturbance in the intestines, caused primarily by indigestible starchy food,

such as white bread, potatoes, rice, partly cooked cereals and such.

Starchy food is not digested in the upper stomach but passes on into the duodenum, or lower stomach and intestines, where, in a healthy individual, the transformation of the starch into a form of sugar is completed and then the food absorbed by the blood.

But if the powers of digestion are weakened, a part of the starchy food will lie in the warmth and moisture of the body and decay, generating gases and irritating the mucous surfaces until under such conditions the whole lower part of the alimentary canal, including the colon and the appendix, becomes involved. Disease sets up and at times takes the form known as appendicitis.

When the symptoms of the trouble make their appearance, would it not be good, practical, common sense, to discontinue the starchy food which is causing the trouble and take a food in which the starch has been transformed into a form of sugar in the process of manufacture?

This is identically the same form of sugar found in the human body after starch has been perfectly digested.

Now, human food is made up very largely of starch and is required by the body for energy and warmth. Naturally, therefore, its use should be continued, if possible, and for the reasons given above it is made possible in the manufacture of Grape-Nuts.

In connection with this change of food to bring relief from physical disturbances, we have suggested washing out the intestines to get rid of the immediate cause of the disturbance.

Naturally, there are cases where the disease has lain dormant and the abuse continued too long, until apparently only the knife will avail. But it is a well-established fact among the best physicians who are acquainted with the details above recited, that preventative measures are far and away the best.

Are we to be condemned for suggesting a way to prevent disease by following natural methods and for perfecting a food that contains no "medicinal" and produces no "medicinal effects" but which has guided literally thousands of persons from sickness to health? We have received during the years past upwards of 25,000 letters from people who have been either helped or made entirely well by following our suggestions, and they are simple.

If coffee disagrees and causes any of the ailments common to some coffee users quit it and take on Postum.

If white bread, potatoes, rice and other starchy foods make trouble, quit and use Grape-Nuts food which is largely predigested and will digest, nourish and strengthen, when other forms of food do not. It's just plain old common sense.

"There's a Reason for Postum and Grape-Nuts."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.